

# THE DEMOCRATIC SENTINEL, OF HARRISON COUNTY FARMER.

VOLUME 18--NO. 37.]

CADIZ, OHIO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1851.

[TERMS--\$1.50 A YEAR]

## GOING HOME.

The warrior's heart beats wild and high,  
He cheers his gallant band,  
And joy beams forth from every eye  
To hear the glad command.  
The sound of home doth sweetly fall,  
Each heart is light as air;  
And merrily they heed the call  
To greet the loved ones there.

"We're going home!" the sailor cries;  
Spread every inch of sail;  
Right swiftly now our vessel flies,  
Nor fear the coming gale.  
All hardy men and rough are we,  
And far away we roam;  
But never on the stormy sea  
Forget the joys of home.

Whence comes the brilliant flame that plays  
Around the pilgrim's eye,  
And with its bright and sparkling rays  
Tells of some refuge nigh?  
Though he hath wandered long and far  
In this dark world of tears,  
He finds at life's guiding star,  
The home of early years.

Where shall the faithful Christian turn,  
When low and weak his frame;  
When soon for aye shall cease to burn  
Life's dim uncertain flame,  
Bright aspirations now will come,  
His dying spirit to prove,  
And softly whisper--"going home--  
Home to the rest above."

## MARION'S OATH. A Tale of the Revolution.

BY CHAS. J. PETERSON.

[CONTINUED.]  
CHAPTER III.  
And there was arising in hot haste.

The war man while went with increased  
fervor. The tide of battle, which at first  
ran in Marion's favor, had now turned, and  
the enemies were everywhere in the  
front. The army of Greene was in North  
Carolina, occupied in watching Cornwallis.  
Lord Rawdon held Camden with a strong  
force. All the other important posts were in  
the hands of the British. Marion, for the  
first time disheartened, talked of retiring be-  
hind the mountains. Armed bodies of Tories  
in the meantime, traversed the country, plun-  
dering at will, and hanging, without even the  
form of a trial, those of their unfortunate  
prisoners they had found in arms.

Mr. Mowbray had long contemplated rising  
in favor of his country again, and no time  
seemed to him so proper as the present, when  
all others were becoming disheartened. His  
daughter he knew to be in safety with her  
aunt, who had always maintained a strict  
neutrality; so there was nothing to withhold  
him longer from his purpose. He had ac-  
cordingly secretly exerted himself to raise a  
troop among the young men of his neighbor-  
hood, and his recruiting had been attended  
with such success, that their rising only wait-  
ed the removal of a large body of Tories  
who had lately infested the vicinity. On the  
first signal from Mr. Mowbray, they were  
to rendezvous at the Hall.

Mowbray Hall was one of those fine old  
mansions, a few of which linger in South  
Carolina, fast fading monuments of the de-  
parting splendors of her old provincial nobil-  
ity. The building stood at the head of a  
long avenue of trees, and was a large double  
house, with an immense hall in the centre.  
The out-houses had suffered considerably  
since the war began, and many of the fields  
lay bare and uncultivated; but the mansion  
itself was still in a remarkably fine state of  
preservation, and the architectural boast of  
the surrounding country.

It was a fine, clear morning when Mr.  
Mowbray stood on the steps of his house, to  
welcome the recruits who, in obedience to  
his long expected signal, were on that day  
to repair to the rendezvous. His feelings, as  
one stout yeoman after another rode up,  
as those of exultation, dashed a little per-  
haps with regret for having ever despaired  
of his country.

"How fortunate that Capt. Ball, with his  
Tories, has moved up the river," said his  
lieutenant, who stood beside him. "I ask  
him to have time to discipline our men, and  
to rally a greater number to our ranks. Our  
twenty all fellows, though brave enough,  
could scarcely make head against his hun-  
dred troopers. We have a good week be-  
fore us."

"Very true; and we have assurances of  
nearly thirty more, provided we display our  
banner. Three days of quiet is all I ask.  
Then, I hope, we shall be able to give a  
good account of ourselves even if Ball's Tories  
return," said Mr. Mowbray.

"If we are gone when he comes back, my  
dear sir, he will wreak his vengeance, I fear,  
on our homes," said the other, with some-  
thing of a sigh.

"I hope you do not think of drawing back,"  
said Mr. Mowbray. "In this cause a man  
must be willing to sacrifice father and mo-  
ther, house and land, good repute, and all  
else he holds dear in the world. God help  
us."

"I am with you till death," said the lieuten-  
ant, thinking at that moment how much  
more his superior had to lose than himself;  
and affected by such heroic and self-sacrific-  
ing patriotism.

At this instant a horseman was seen gal-  
loping furiously down the avenue, and as he  
came onward he waved his cap as if desirous  
to call their attention to something in the  
road which he had left. Mr. Mowbray looked  
in that direction, but a clump of woodland  
shut out the highway from sight; however,  
after a moment's delay, the voice of one of  
the recruits called his attention to what  
seemed a cloud of dust rising above the tree  
tops. Almost at the same instant a num-  
ber of troopers appeared at the head of the  
avenue. The approaching horseman had  
now reached the lawn.

"We are betrayed," he cried, almost ex-  
hausted. "Ball's Tories are behind, and  
have chased me for two miles. To arms--  
to arms!"

The time was too short to allow of barri-  
cading the house; but the great hall was speed-  
ily turned into a fortification. The doors  
at either end were closed, barred and fur-  
ther defended by chairs and tables piled a-  
gainst them; while the entrances into the pa-  
lors were closed effectually in the same way.  
The great window at the head of the stair-  
case, and the one at the other extremity of  
the upper hall were guarded by a proper  
force. These dispositions had scarcely been  
completed when the Tories galloped up to  
the lawn, on which they dismounted with  
loud shouts, and began instant preparations  
for the attack.

When Mr. Mowbray's scanty troop was  
mustered, it was found to consist of but ten  
exclusive of himself, for nearly half of the ex-  
pected recruits had not yet had time to ar-  
rive. It was evident there had been treach-  
ery somewhere among them; for none but  
those who had enlisted knew of this rendez-  
vous, and the sudden disappearance of the  
enemy two days before, it was now apparent  
had been a faint. However, nothing re-  
mained but to sell their lives as dearly as  
possible.

Mr. Mowbray walked around among his  
men, and himself saw that everything was  
ready. He exhorted them in a few words to  
do their duty manfully. His short harangue  
was brought to a speedy conclusion by a loud  
cheer on the part of the assailants, and by  
a shower of bullets aimed at the hall win-  
dow, as they advanced to the attack.

"Fire coolly--and waste no shot!" he  
said, sternly, himself handling a musket.  
Four men fell at the first discharge; and  
the rest, with rage and shame, the assailants  
struggled to climb up the pillars of the hall  
door; but they were beaten thence by the  
shots of the defender's muskets. The men,  
however, who achieved this were severely  
wounded by the rifles of the Tories, who  
keeping watch, aimed wherever a head ap-  
peared. An effort was now made to break  
in the hall door. An axe was brought, and  
after several blows, one of the heavy panels  
gave way. But the moment the wood fell  
crashing in, a volley poured through the ap-  
erture, and drove back the assailants, who  
thus failed at every point, retreated to the  
cover of the out-houses, as if to hold a con-  
sultation.

The tide of battle was now mustered.  
One of the men who had been shot dead at  
the great hall window. The boys were bun-  
dled as well as possible, and the stock of  
ammunition was distributed equally. Their  
slight success had inspired the men; they  
began now to talk of fighting the enemy; and  
when notice was again given of his approach  
they repaired to their posts with alacrity and  
exultation.

The Tories now seemed to have resolved  
trusting a combined attack on all parts of the  
house. One party advanced toward the hall  
door in front--another made the circuit of  
the mansion to assail the one in the rear--  
and a third remained at one angle, as if con-  
templating an assault on the side when the  
resistance should be fully engaged. Mr. Mowbray's  
heart foreboded him of the result when he  
saw these preparations.

"They are breaking into the parlors," ex-  
claimed one of the men, rushing up the stair-  
case, at the very instant that a new volley  
was discharged on the house from the as-  
sailants.

Mr. Mowbray listened and heard the dull  
crash of an axe, followed by the breaking of  
glass. The parlor shutters had merely been  
barred, and the parlors once gained it was  
only necessary to break down the doors lead-  
ing to the entry, which was comparatively  
weak, and slightly barricaded. To desert  
the hall stairs would be to seduce the  
Tories in front and rear from their cover,  
and throw open an entrance to them by the  
rear they had first essayed. It became nec-  
essary, therefore, to divide his already small  
force, and leaving a few to maintain the old  
positions, defend the threatened door with  
two or three trusty arms.

"We must sell our lives dearly," he said,  
as he took his station behind the door, post-  
ing a man on each side.

The enemy was now heard leading in  
the parlors, and simultaneously a general at-  
tack began on all sides. The bullets rattled  
against the wall; shouts and cries of en-  
couragement arose on both sides. From the  
quick firing overhead Mr. Mowbray knew  
that his men in that quarter were actively  
engaged. The axe was now heard against  
the parlor door before which they were stan-  
ding, and the frail wood quivered under every  
blow. Another stroke and the panel  
gave way. Instantly the musket of Mr.  
Mowbray was aimed through the aperture at  
the man who wielded the axe, who fell dead  
at the explosion. But another promptly  
seized the instrument, and posting himself  
with more caution at the side of the opening  
dealt such vigorous strokes that the door  
speedily fell in. As the planks crashed to  
the floor there was a general rush on the  
part of the Tories in the parlors towards the  
aperture.

"Meet them bravely," shouted Mr. Mow-  
bray. "Strike home, and we drive them  
back."

He fired a pistol as he spoke at the fore-  
most assailant; but the Tory knocked up the  
weapon, and the ball lodged in the ceiling.  
"Hurrah! we have them now," shouted  
the man, who was their leader. "Revenge  
your country!"

"Stand fast!" cried Mr. Mowbray, the lion  
of his nature aroused.

For a few seconds the melee was terrific.  
Now that the foe had effected an entrance  
the defence of the other post was no longer  
necessary, and the followers of Mr. Mow-  
bray crowded to his assistance. On the other  
hand the Tories poured into the parlors,  
and thence struggled to make their way into  
the hall. In by inches they fought their way  
with overpowering numbers; and inch by  
inch, with desperate but unavailing courage,  
the whigs gave ground. The clash of  
swords, the explosion of pistols, the shouts  
of either party were mingled in wild disorder  
with the odds and shrieks of the wounded  
and dying. Spraying to and fro, now  
one party, now the other giving ground, the  
combat raged with increasing fury. But  
numbers at last prevailed. When most of  
his followers had fallen, Mr. Mowbray, how-  
ever, still remained, wounded yet erect, like  
a noble stag at bay.

"Surrender, and we will give quarter!"  
shouted the Tory leader, who, throughout  
the conflict, had seemed desirous rather of  
taking him prisoner than slaying him.

Mr. Mowbray thought of his child and fal-  
tered; but remembering that the enemy never  
showed clemency, he said, striking at his  
adversary.

"Never, so help me God!"  
But that moment of indecision sealed his  
fate. The Tory leader made a sign to his  
followers, two of whom rushed in on the  
old man; and as he spoke, his sword was  
knocked from his hand, and himself over-  
thrown and bound.

Two days after he was led in triumph into  
the streets of Georgetown, nor was it con-  
cealed from him that his life had been spar-  
ed only that he might expiate his rebellion  
on the scaffold.

His captor immediately repaired to Major  
Lindsay's quarters, where he remained for  
nearly an hour. When left alone Major  
Lindsay exclaimed.

"My information was true, then; he has  
been caught with arms in his hands. So far  
all goes well. That proud heretic is now  
mine, for she will marry me to save her  
father's life."

## CHAPTER IV.

Here's a good world!  
--Knew ye of this fair work?

THE news of so important an event as the  
capture of Mr. Mowbray was not long in  
traveling to Mrs. Blakeley's. One morning  
as she and her niece sat at work together,  
the butler rushed into the room betraying  
considerable agitation. We have already  
alluded to his pomposity and affectation of  
high sounding phrases, another failure, the  
desire to play an important part sometimes,  
got the better of his discretion as in the pre-  
sent instance.

"I've just heard such news, Missus Blake-  
ley," he exclaimed breathlessly, wiping the  
perspiration from his face. "It's completely  
astonished me. I've run all the way from  
de head ob de abenue, where I heard it from  
Jim Benson, who listed wid de British, and  
is now going home on a furlough; a berry  
respectable person he is for a Tory and a  
common white man. In his new uniform he  
looks almost like an officer, I insure you!"

Here the old man paused, overcome by  
the rapidity of his utterance. Both Mrs.  
Blakeley and her niece understood his pecu-  
liarities too well to interrupt him, but they  
looked up smiling.

"Such news!" he began. "I hope young  
missus won't faint. Be sure, such things  
must recur; but to think it should happen to  
Mr. Mowbray. Lor' save us!"

Kate at the mention of her father's name  
turned deadly pale, and could no longer en-  
dure the speaker's prolixity.

"What's the matter with my father?" she  
gasped. "Is he dead?"

"Oh, no missus--only taken by the Tories.  
But dey say dat he is to be hung."

The sight of Kate's ghastly face stopped  
the officious announcement--but it was too  
late, with a shriek she fell to the floor. At  
this spectacle, the old slave, struck with re-  
morse, cried, wringing his hands.

"I have killed her! I have killed her! Oh,  
Lor'--oh, Lor' will she ever revive again?"

"You have only made her swoon by your  
hasty announcement of this terrible news,"  
said Mrs. Blakeley, sternly, "run and send  
her maid."

It was long before Kate was restored to  
consciousness. Meantime, Mrs. Blakeley  
leaned from old Jacob all he had to impart.  
Of her brother's ultimate fate she could  
scarcely entertain a doubt. She well knew  
the character of that bitter warfare. The or-  
ders of Lord Rawdon, the then superior officer  
of the royal army in South Carolina, had  
just been repeated, that all who had once  
signed the protection, yet subsequently been  
captured in arms against the King should be  
summarily executed. The sentence of  
Mr. Mowbray, according to old Jacob's re-  
port, was already issued. Mrs. Blakeley  
was scarcely less shocked than her niece,  
but her fortitude was required to sustain  
Kate; and she struggled to appear com-  
posed.

"Let us go to Col. Watson at once," were  
almost the first words of Kate on recovering  
her senses. "Surely he will not refuse us.  
He was lately your guest--how can he then  
deny them your prayer?"

"Alas my child," replied her aunt, with  
tears in her eyes, "war converts men into  
fiends, and dries up the kinder feelings of  
the soul; but especially in a civil war like  
this, no such thing as friendship is acknowl-  
edged. Have you forgotten the fate of Ge-  
briel Marion, the neighbor of the General--  
young, beautiful, unoffending--the pride  
of that old man's heart? He was taken in a  
skirmish, and as soon as recognized, told to  
make ready for death. His prayers for a re-  
spite--for paper to write to his uncle--for  
time to make his peace with God--were all  
denied him!" She shuddered as she con-  
tinued--"They made him kneel on the  
highway and then basely murdered him!"

"But they will not, they cannot murder  
my father thus. The men who did that foul  
deed were Tory outcasts. Col. Watson has  
a kind heart; he will spare my father's life."  
And Kate, clasping her hands, addressed her  
aunt supplicatingly, as if on the words she  
might speak hung her father's existence.

Mrs. Blakeley could not reply for some  
time for weeping. Twice she essayed to  
speak; twice tears choked her utterance. At  
last she shook her head mournfully.

"Say not so--you do not mean it," cried  
Kate eagerly.

"Alas! alas! my darling," sobbed Mrs.  
Blakeley, clasping Kate in her arms, "I  
would as willingly hope as you; but there  
is no hope. Was not solicitation, influence,  
promises, everything exerted to save Col.  
Hayne; but to no purpose. They are inex-  
orable. Did not the General say, in re-  
fusing a pardon, that if he were his own  
brother, he could not do any more?"

At these words, the full truth of her fa-  
ther's situation seemed for the first time to  
break on Kate, who had hitherto hoped that  
aid from some quarter, her own prayers, or  
other influence might save his life. During  
the time Mrs. Blakeley was speaking, the  
poor girl gazed with stony eyes upon her

every feature rigid, her arms motionless and  
set, hanging by her side, her head slightly  
advanced, and with half parted lips, listening  
eagerly. Even when the speaker ceased,  
only a vague sense of what she said, seemed  
to rest on Kate, and she murmured vaguely.

"No hope! none, did you say?"  
Mrs. Blakeley shook her head mournfully.  
Her own heart was swollen to bursting; that  
stony look, those rigid lips, made her trem-  
ble for her niece.

"No hope!" whispered Kate, in those  
thrilling tones, that are more eloquent than  
all the accents of despair. "Oh, just Heav-  
en!" she exclaimed, suddenly elevating her  
voice, and she raised her outstretched hands  
on high, "will thou see this foul injustice?"

But here the pitch of horror to which the  
unfortunate girl had been wound up, proved  
too much for a frame already weakened by  
preceding agitation, and she suddenly fell  
back, rigid and paralyzed, in another fainting  
fit.

All that day, and part of the night, Mrs.  
Blakeley watched over her niece. Towards  
midnight the sufferer sank into a slumber,  
and Mrs. Blakeley, beseeching a hasty epistle to  
Major Lindsay, beseeching his interposition;  
for though Mrs. Blakeley was well aware of  
his pretensions to the hand of her niece, she  
thought this no time for morbid delicacy.  
These epistles, after having been indited  
and confided to the hand of a trusty servant,  
with orders to spare neither word nor spur  
until he had reached Col. Watson's quar-  
ters, Mrs. Blakeley, towards morning, sought  
her couch, almost as much exhausted, both  
physically and mentally, as her unfortunate  
niece.

The morning broke, in that once happy  
mansion, as on a house of death. The shut-  
ters were all closed, as if to exclude the  
light, and the servants stood noiselessly to  
and fro, speaking in whispers scarcely above their  
breath. The mourning maid remained al-  
most untouched. Kate could eat nothing,  
and often set down her tea-cup, while her  
eyes filled with tears. Mrs. Blakeley, in  
spite of all her self-control, was nervous and  
trembling. The old butler who remained in  
the room, often turned his back, and brush-  
ed the honest tear from his eyes; for, though  
unwilling to betray his emotion, he was un-  
able to prevent it. Even Mrs. Blakeley's  
pet greyhound seemed to know and partici-  
pate in the grief; for instead of rushing up  
to his mistress boisterously, when she came  
down stairs, as had been his wont, he walked  
slowly and sadly towards her, looking up  
appealingly into her face, as if assuring her  
of his sympathy. The same dull pan-  
tophone was gone through when Kate entered,  
and made her lip quiver.

Mrs. Blakeley had informed her niece of  
what she had done, and said, that nothing  
now remained but to wait an answer to her  
letters. Kate, however, begged that she  
might be allowed to go to Col. Watson's  
head-quarters, to see her father; and though  
Mrs. Blakeley strove to dissuade her from  
this purpose, believing that the interview  
would only harrow up unnecessarily the feel-  
ings of both. Filial love prevailed, and Kate  
extorted a lingering consent that they should  
set forth as soon as the heavy lumbering  
carriage could be prepared.

It was during this delay that the galloping  
of a horse arrested her ear, and Major Lin-  
dsey was seen to alight on the lawn. During  
the moment that elapsed before his announce-  
ment, Kate had time to indulge in a thou-  
sand speculations. Hope whispered to her  
that Major Lindsay had procured the pardon  
of her father, or else come to announce  
a reprieve. Breathless and trembling, she  
did not wait for his entrance, but hurried to  
the door of the parlors. Mrs. Blakeley was  
almost equally agitated. Her first impulse  
was that Major Lindsay had received her  
letter, and hurried at once to their aid; but  
a moment's reflection satisfied her that time  
enough for this had not elapsed. She con-  
cluded, then, that he hastened on his own  
suggestion, to comfort them; and she ad-  
vanced to meet him as eagerly as Kate.

Major Lindsay met them at the door. He  
started back at the sight of Kate's face, for  
never could he have believed it possible  
that human agony could be so forcibly de-  
picted on the countenance; but, recovering  
himself, he advanced eagerly, and clasping  
the hand of each lady in his own, looked  
from one to the other with a smile, not gay  
but encouraging.

"You bring us good news, I know," said  
Kate, turning deadly pale, and then flushing  
to the forehead.

"I hope so," said Mrs. Blakeley, with marked  
emphasis. "God grant it!"

"God grant it, indeed," faltered Mrs.  
Blakeley, in reply, the blood going back  
coldly on her heart at these equivocal words.

Kate, however, did not notice this; she  
blinded her eyes willingly, and she eagerly  
answered:

"I knew you would bring us words of  
cheer. He is free--is he on his way hither;  
he will be here soon. Is it not so?"

And she looked beautifully in earnest, as she  
fixed her eyes eagerly to Major Lindsay's face,  
that she vowed inwardly no obstacle should  
prevent him from winning so charming a  
bride.

"Not exactly that," he replied with some  
hesitation. "Mr. Mowbray is not free yet--  
but I hope, nay, I may promise, that he is  
in no danger--that is, provided," he stop-  
ped embarrassed.

Mrs. Blakeley looked searchingly at the  
speaker, yet her heart would not allow her  
to entertain the suspicion that had flashed  
across her mind, and she discarded it indig-

nantly. Kate hurried suddenly from her  
pinnacle of hope, trembled and clung speech-  
lessly to her aunt's arm.

Major Lindsay's embarrassment continued  
he looked imploringly at Mrs. Blakeley, as if  
he half expected her to come to his aid.  
But Mrs. Blakeley was as agitated as Kate.  
She struggled to subdue her emotion, saying  
eagerly:

"Do not torture us by suspense, I implore  
you, Major Lindsay. If anything is expected  
of us, fear not to tell us at once, we will  
strip ourselves to the uttermost farthing, if  
a heavy fine can save my brother's life."

Major Lindsay, thus thrown on his own  
resources, hesitated and stammered, but he  
found words at length to say:

"Do not be alarmed, ladies. I repeat it,  
there is nothing to fear. But I come rather  
as an ambassador than as a herald of joy. In  
other words, I have certain matters to men-  
tion, which are preliminary. I regret to say,  
to the pardon of Mr. Mowbray. My message  
is exclusively to Miss Mowbray, and I fear  
can be delivered to her alone. But, under-  
stand me, there is no doubt of all yet going  
well."

"I will leave you with this dear girl at  
once," said Mrs. Blakeley, imprinting a  
kiss on Kate's brow. "I need scarcely say  
how deeply she has been agitated, and beg  
you to spare her as much as possible."

"I will do it," said Major Lindsay, ear-  
nestly, his eyes compassionately bent on  
Kate; and Mrs. Blakeley, notwithstanding  
her suspicions, could not doubt his sincerity.

Kate trembled with a strong foreboding  
feeling, as she saw the door close on her  
aunt, and yet what was there of alarm in this  
approaching interview? Were not the words  
and looks of Major Lindsay kind and en-  
couraging? Yet still Kate trembled to find  
herself alone with him.

## CHAPTER V.

Where the greater malady is fixed,  
The lesser is scarce felt.--KING LEAR.

The apartment in which Major Lindsay  
found himself, was one with which he had  
been familiar on his preceding visit to the  
mansion; but, for a moment after Mrs.  
Blakeley's exit, he gazed around him, as if  
examining for the first time, the architecture  
and furniture of the room. It was an apart-  
ment, too, well worth his scrutiny. Few  
even of the gentry of that proud State, could  
boast a dwelling that of Mrs. Blakeley.  
The walls of the parlor were wainscoted  
to the ceiling with richly carved cornices; and  
over the mantelpiece, encircled by a wreath  
of roses carved in the wood, were the arms  
of the family. The furniture was of mahog-  
any, and consisted of massive tables and  
chairs, with elaborately carved feet. A cou-  
ple of fine portraits adorned the walls, one  
a picture of the deceased Mr. Blakeley, the  
other a likeness of Mr. Mowbray.

Major Lindsay cast his eyes from the cor-  
niche to the floor, and from the mantelpiece  
to the portraits, and at length stealthily turned  
them in the direction of Kate, who sat on  
the sofa, her color rapidly changing, equally  
confused and embarrassed. That a young  
and almost inexperienced girl should want  
perfect self-possession, was less singular,  
however, than that a practiced man of the  
world, like Major Lindsay, should be without  
it. But the truth was, that he scarcely knew  
how to introduce his errand to Kate.

When his eyes, however, met those of the  
dear girl, there was an expression of surprise  
and inquiry at his silence; and he thought  
it best to refer at once to the purpose of the  
interview.

"It pains me exceedingly--you cannot im-  
agine how much, my dear Miss Mowbray,"  
he began, "to come here without the uncon-  
ditional pardon of your father. But there  
are two circumstances which prevented me  
from succeeding to the extent of my wishes,  
and thus having the honor and pleasure of  
bringing you such welcome news. In the  
first place, Mr. Mowbray is not, as you sup-  
pose, a prisoner of Col. Watson--that officer  
being on his march to join Lord Rawdon at  
Camden; but on the contrary, is in the hands  
of Lieut. Col. Campbell, who now holds the  
post of Georgetown, and who besides being  
a gentleman of inexorable nature, is person-  
ally acquainted with your father. Now, had  
it been Col. Watson to whom Mr. Mowbray  
had been surrendered, I indulge the hope  
that, difficult as the task would have been,  
his intimacy with yourself and Mrs. Blakeley,  
to say nothing of my own solicitation, would  
have procured the release of your parent.  
But with Col. Campbell the case is quite  
different. He is not only a stranger to you  
all, but he is nearly an entire stranger to  
myself. There does not exist between us  
those terms of intimacy that, in the case of  
Col. Watson, would have justified me in  
asking for the release of your father as a  
personal favor."

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expect-  
ing Kate to answer; but she only bowed.  
It was evident, also, from her look of con-  
tinued surprise, that she could not yet make  
out the speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued Major  
Lindsay, "there is nothing in this case to  
distinguish it from others--nothing, I mean,  
to justify Col. Campbell in his own eyes for  
pardoning your parent, when so many others,  
also taken with arms in their hands, are  
executed. Lord Rawdon's orders are ex-  
plicit. Every man who, having once signed  
the protection, is afterwards captured fight-  
ing against the king, is punished with death.  
This command, however, has been rigidly  
enforced. Nor is there that, in the case of  
Col. Watson, would have justified me in  
asking for the release of your father as a  
personal favor."

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expect-  
ing Kate to answer; but she only bowed.  
It was evident, also, from her look of con-  
tinued surprise, that she could not yet make  
out the speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued Major  
Lindsay, "there is nothing in this case to  
distinguish it from others--nothing, I mean,  
to justify Col. Campbell in his own eyes for  
pardoning your parent, when so many others,  
also taken with arms in their hands, are  
executed. Lord Rawdon's orders are ex-  
plicit. Every man who, having once signed  
the protection, is afterwards captured fight-  
ing against the king, is punished with death.  
This command, however, has been rigidly  
enforced. Nor is there that, in the case of  
Col. Watson, would have justified me in  
asking for the release of your father as a  
personal favor."

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expect-  
ing Kate to answer; but she only bowed.  
It was evident, also, from her look of con-  
tinued surprise, that she could not yet make  
out the speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued Major  
Lindsay, "there is nothing in this case to  
distinguish it from others--nothing, I mean,  
to justify Col. Campbell in his own eyes for  
pardoning your parent, when so many others,  
also taken with arms in their hands, are  
executed. Lord Rawdon's orders are ex-  
plicit. Every man who, having once signed  
the protection, is afterwards captured fight-  
ing against the king, is punished with death.  
This command, however, has been rigidly  
enforced. Nor is there that, in the case of  
Col. Watson, would have justified me in  
asking for the release of your father as a  
personal favor."

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expect-  
ing Kate to answer; but she only bowed.  
It was evident, also, from her look of con-  
tinued surprise, that she could not yet make  
out the speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued Major  
Lindsay, "there is nothing in this case to  
distinguish it from others--nothing, I mean,  
to justify Col. Campbell in his own eyes for  
pardoning your parent, when so many others,  
also taken with arms in their hands, are  
executed. Lord Rawdon's orders are ex-  
plicit. Every man who, having once signed  
the protection, is afterwards captured fight-  
ing against the king, is punished with death.  
This command, however, has been rigidly  
enforced. Nor is there that, in the case of  
Col. Watson, would have justified me in  
asking for the release of your father as a  
personal favor."

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expect-  
ing Kate to answer; but she only bowed.  
It was evident, also, from her look of con-  
tinued surprise, that she could not yet make  
out the speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued Major  
Lindsay, "there is nothing in this case to  
distinguish it from others--nothing, I mean,  
to justify Col. Campbell in his own eyes for  
pardoning your parent, when so many others,  
also taken with arms in their hands, are  
executed. Lord Rawdon's orders are ex-  
plicit. Every man who, having once signed  
the protection, is afterwards captured fight-  
ing against the king, is punished with death.  
This command, however, has been rigidly  
enforced. Nor is there that, in the case of  
Col. Watson, would have justified me in  
asking for the release of your father as a  
personal favor."

Here Major Lindsay stopped, as if expect-  
ing Kate to answer; but she only bowed.  
It was evident, also, from her look of con-  
tinued surprise, that she could not yet make  
out the speaker's purpose.

"In the second place," continued Major  
Lindsay, "there is nothing in this case to  
distinguish it from others--nothing, I mean,  
to justify Col. Campbell in his own eyes for  
pardoning your parent, when so many others,  
also taken with arms in their hands, are  
executed. Lord Raw